

LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

ZANE GREY TELLS OF
WILDEST SPOT LEFTLife Is Primitive in the Desert
Land of the Purple Sage,
Author Describes.

NO CHANGE IN 40 YEARS

Country Leaves Its Mark on the Faces
of Its Men, Quiet, Tense,
Secretive.

It is a bit disappointing to call upon Zane Grey, portrayer in his latest book, "Riders of the Purple Sage," of the wildest scenes left in this country, and to find him comfortably living in a conventional uptown, Hudson overlooking apartment; and also a bit disappointing to find the man himself—who is a descendant of frontiersmen and Indian fighters and with a strain of Indian blood in his own veins, who sought the wilderness of the Southwest to satisfy the love of adventure inherent in him—to find him a soft voiced, gentle mannered man, quiet and almost hesitant. But when he warms up in talk of his experiences in the desert country, it is evident that he endures the hardships of the open and the wilderness with more pleasure than he endures apartment house life, which latter he needs most when he is writing and publishing his books.

Very plainly Zane Grey loves the rugged scenes he has depicted so graphically. And it hurts him that he has been accused of exaggeration in his descriptions.

"My difficulty," he says, "has been to come anywhere near adequacy in attempting to portray the wildness, the grandeur and the beauty of those scenes. It is beyond the power of tongue or pen. I had my camera with me always, and will show you some pictures of the most wonderful things you have ever seen—but the pictures are inadequate. Everything is primitive. You need not look there for the so-called comforts of life. After I left Flagstaff, Ariz., I left present day civilization. My guide, an old Forty-niner and the last of the Indian fighters, took me as near to the Painted Desert as he could.

"That is absolutely the wildest spot left in the United States—a wilderness so cut up that there can be no trails; canyons so lofty that you could put the Flatiron Building under their curved walls; huge red cliffs; and wide seas of sage-white, black and, in the lowlands, a monotonous gray that deepens to purple in the distance.

"The country leaves its mark on the faces of its men. Their faces are like the red cliffs—quiet, tense, secretive. I never saw one of them smile nor speak loud save when angry. Further South I've found the cowboys to be social, good fellows when you get acquainted with them, but you never get acquainted with a rider of the purple sage.

"They are not in touch with the American Government. They do not use money, but have a sort of blue paper currency all their own. I do not mean that they will not take an American dollar from you; they will, and as many as they can get hold of. But where they store them away I do not know, for it is a cliché you will never see those dollars again. They make their own laws and enforce them as suits themselves. Men could easily disappear from the earth and the affair never be heard of by any agents of 'real government. Many places are not safe for the stranger. Right now in southeastern Utah and Nevada there is gun packing and rustling. On the border it is dangerous to leave things in camp or at night. Things are just as they were forty years ago."

"And are they all Mormons?" Mr. Grey was asked.

"The men I'm speaking of are Mormons," he replied. "No gentle holds for much or for long there. If they can, they generally get out of the country—that is, if they are not poor. The Mormons are the sons of Mormons, and are now too deep rooted in their fanaticism to be moved. They are like the cliff dwellers have grown up with. While the story of 'Riders of the Purple Sage' is set in the '70s, it might just as well be set in the present day; conditions are just the same."

"Is it true that they've placed a ban on you for writing the book?" Zane Grey smiled at the question. "Well, you could hardly expect them to like the book, could you?" he said. "And yet I'm sorry to have incurred their ill will. They treated me as well as they knew how and they are acting according to their own lights. I never had any desire and never will have any desire to write anything controversial on the Mormon question. I've refused many offers to write such articles for the magazines. But such was not my interest. When I went out to that country it was for adventure. I crossed with Buffalo Jones and through him got in with the Navajos, who are the descendants of the Navajos whom Kit Carson thought he had exterminated, but remnants of whom hid away in the desert. I wanted to write a wild romantic story of the West, and here was the setting and the people. No much to do but enter my head. And now I hear that it would not be good for my health to return."

"So you had the idea of writing an American Lorna Doone when you went out to the Painted Desert?"

Again Zane Grey laughed.

"Not anything so presumptuous by a great deal," he said. "What I was going to write was not definite anyway. Perhaps the idea of writing at all wasn't definite. I had already done some writing of various sorts; but I went to the wilderness primarily because I just wanted to go and see what it was like. And I found out. Later I tried to describe some of it in 'The Heritage of the Desert,' but as I said before, mere words are inadequate. Imagine a man living alone in this country of ours 190 miles from a post office on the one side and over 200 miles on the other. What would a born New Yorker think of that? But that was a true original of a character in 'The Heritage of the Desert.'"

"And 'Lorna Doone' need not feel hurt

at the comparison with this setting. Here, look at these pictures. Every one of them figures in the setting of 'Riders of the Purple Sage'; if you've read the book you can't help recognizing them. And all the scenes in the book I've actually seen."

The author has a picture of himself taken sitting on a stone in the valley which he has named Surprise Valley in the book, where he gives the following description:

"Venters had climbed far up that wonderful smooth slope, and had almost reached the base of the yellow cliff that rose skyward, a huge scarred and cracked bulk. It frowned down upon him as if to forbid further ascent. Venters bent over for his rifle and as he picked it up he saw several little 'nicks' cut in the solid stone.

"They were only a few inches deep and about a foot apart. Venters began to count them—one—two—three—four—on up to sixteen. That number carried his glance to the top of this first bulging bench of cliff base. Above, after a more level offset, was still deeper slope, and the line of nicks kept on, to wind round a projecting corner of wall.

"A casual glance would have passed by these little dents; if Venters had not known what they signified he would never have bestowed upon them the second glance. But he knew they had been cut there by hand, and though age worn, he recognized them as steps cut in the rock by the cliff dwellers. With a pulse beginning to beat and hammer away his cautions, he eyed that indistinct line of steps up to where the buttress of wall broke his further sight of them. He knew what he was doing. The corner of stone would be a cave or a crack which could never be suspected from below. He laid aside his rifle, and removing boots and belt, he began to walk up the steps. Like a mountain goat he was agile, sure footed, and he mounted the first bench without bending to use his hands. The next ascent took grip of fingers as well as toes, but he climbed steadily, swiftly, to reach the projecting corner and slipped around it. Here he faced a notch in the cliff. At the apex he turned abruptly into a ragged vent that split the ponderous wall clear to the top, showing a narrow streak of blue sky.

"At the base this vent was dark, cool and smelled of dry, musty dust. It zigzagged so that he could not see ahead more than a few yards at a time. At every turn he expected to come upon a huge cavern full of little square stone houses, each with a small aperture like a staring, dark eye. The passage lightened and widened as he went, and the foot of a narrow, steep, ascending chute. Venters had a moment's notice of the rock, which was of the same smoothness and hardness as the slope below, before his gaze went to the upward to the precipitous walls of this wide ladder of granite. These were ruined walls of yellow sandstone, and so split and splintered, so overhanging with great sections of balancing rim, so impending with tremendous crumbling crags, that Venters caught his breath sharply and, appalled, he instinctively recoiled as if a step upward might jar the monstrous cliffs from their foundation. Indeed, it seemed that these ruined cliffs were but awaiting a breath of wind to collapse and come tumbling down. Venters hesitated. It would be a foolhardy man who risked his life under the leaning, waiting avalanches of rock in that glacial split. Yet how many years had they leaned there without falling? At the bottom of the incline was an immense heap of weathered sandstone all crumbling up to dust, but there were no rocks as large as houses, such as rested so lightly and trustfully above, waiting patiently and inevitably to crash down. Slowly split from the parent rock by the weathering process, and then shattered and split by ages of wind and rain, they waited their moment. Venters felt how foolish it was for him to fear these broken walls; to that that after they had endured for centuries, he should be afraid of their passing should be the one for them to slip. Yet he feared it.

"With teeth tight shut he essayed the incline. And as he climbed he bent his eyes downward. The howling of the cliff, grew impossible; he had to look to obey his eager, curious mind. He raised his glance and saw light between crags that stood on either side of him, some leaned against the cliff, others against each other; many stood sheer and alone; all were crumbling, cracked, rotten. It was a place of yellow, ragged ruin. The walls were marked with a pin point of its surface. Venters pondered. Why had the little stone men hacked away at that big boulder? It bore no semblance to a statue or an idol or a goddess or a sphinx. Indistinctly he put his hands on it and pushed; then his shoulder and heaved. The stone seemed to groan, to stir, to grate and then to move. It tipped a little downward and hung suspended in the air, in a instant, slowly returned, rocked slightly, groaned and settled back to its former position.

"Venters divined its significance. It had been meant for defense. The cliff dwellers, driven by dreaded enemies to this last stand, had cunningly cut the rock until it balanced perfectly, ready to be dislodged by strong hands. Just below the stone, a narrow ledge, a wall would have toppled, starting an avalanche on an acclivity where no sliding mass could stop. Crags and pinnacles, splintered cliffs, and leaning shafts and monuments would have thundered down to block forever the outlet to Deception Pass.

"That was a narrow shave for me," said Venters soberly. A balancing rock! The cliff dwellers never had to roll it. They died, vanished and here the rock stands, probably little changed. The descent was gradual, the space narrow, the course straight for many rods. A gloom hung between the up-sweeping walls. In a turn the passage narrowed to scarce a dozen feet and here was darkness of night. The light shone ahead, another abrupt turn brought day again and then wide open space.

"Above Venters loomed a wonderful arch of stone, bridging the canon rims, and through the enormous round portal gleamed and glistened a beautiful valley, shining under sunset gold reflected by surrounding cliffs. He gave a start of surprise. The valley was a mile long, half that wide and its enclosing walls were smooth and stained and curved inward, forming great caves. He decided that its floor was far higher than the level of De-

ception Pass and the intersecting canons. No purple sage covered this white floor. Instead there were the white of aspens, streaks of branch and slender trunk glistening from the green of the leaves and the darker green of oaks, and through the middle of this forest from wall to wall ran a winding line of brilliant green, which marked the course of cottonwoods and willows. Venters named the canon Surprise Valley and the huge boulder that guarded the outlet Balancing Rock."

ONE WEEK'S PRODUCTION
IN WRITING OF BOOKS

"Happy Humanity." "One Look Back" and "Photography"

Part of the Output.

Among the serious works of non-fiction brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. this week are: "Happy Humanity," by Frederik Van Eden; "One Hundred Masterpieces," a posthumous work by John La Farge, the artist and critic; "One Look Back," by George William Erskine Russell, LL. D., who gives his reminiscences of political, literary, religious and social life in England during the latter half of the nineteenth century; "Photography," a comprehensive text book by E. O. Hopper and others; and Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Female of the Species," issued in leather booklets and on cards.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of the following books: "The Comedy of Catherine the Great," by Francis H. Gribble, author of "The Romantic Life of Shelley"; "The Child of the Dawn," an allegory dealing with the hope of immortality, by Arthur Christopher Benson, author of "From a College Window"; "Irish Folk Plays," by Lady Gregory, in two volumes, including the tragedies "Grania," "Kincora," "Derogilla" and the tragic comedies "The Canavans," "The White Cockade," "The Deliverer," and "The Railway Transportation," by Charles Lee Raper, a history of its economic development and of the relation of the State to the railway, based on President Hadley's "Railroad, Transportation, Its History and Its Laws."

The following books are just published by Houghton Mifflin Company: "Poly of the Hospital Staff," with illustrations in color, by Emma C. Dowd; a reminiscence of "A Child's Journey with Dickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Tales of a Greek Island," by Julia D. Dragomiris; "The Home-Made Kindergarten," designed for mothers living at a distance from school advantages, by Nora Archibald Smith; "An Architect's Sketch Book," by Robert S. Peabody, and "Line, Battle and Other Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, in a limited Riverside Press edition, with an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

Houghton Mifflin Company have on the press a third edition of Richard Bryson's "Christopher Columbus," which brings the total number of copies up to 12,800. These publishers also have on press a second edition of "Lost Farm Camp," by Harry H. Knibbs, which was published last week.

Harper & Bros. announce that they are sending a press for the printing two of their recent books: "Greyfriars Bobby," by Eleanor Atkinson, and "The Iron Woman," by Margaret Deland. The same firm is also reprinting "The Master," by Zangwill, and "Tales From the Romans," from the "Children's Plutarch."

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Early April publications announced by the Century Company include: "The Yossomite," a guide book by John Muir; "Capt. Martha Mary," a story of a little mother of the tenements, by Avery Abbott; "The Battle of Baseball," a book for fans by C. H. Claudy.

Ambrose Can't Get Ferry Job Back.

An application by John F. Ambrose for reinstatement as superintendent of municipal ferries, from which he was removed by Dock Commissioner Tomkins, was dismissed yesterday by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. He was removed on charges that he permitted an excessive number of men in the fire room on each ferryboat, and because he increased the cost of running the Staten Island ferries from \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year by not installing the system of mechanical draught instead of taking the

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D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
Publishers New York

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CHINESE PROGRESSIVE
TALKS OF NEW CHINA

Republican Form Must Work as a
Constitutional Monarchy
Would, He Thinks.

NO PURE DEMOCRACY NOW

That Would Be Anarchy—Expects a
Revolution in Japan and That
Country's Decline.

Registered at the Hotel Chelsea, after having completed the first stage of an eight months journey which will take him around the world, Mr. F. M. Sah, a Chinese gentleman, now a Manchurian, as he explains with undisguised contempt for the race whose star has set in China, is engaged in making the acquaintance of New York in ten days. From China by way of Japan and Honolulu, he visited San Francisco, and in the few brief weeks which he has allowed to America he has seen to good purpose, he thinks, Denver, Salt Lake, St. Louis and Chicago, and this morning he has gone up to New Haven to present letters which he bears from his very good friend Tang-Shao-Yi, the present Chinese Premier, and a graduate of Yale.

While Mr. Sah has never been out of China before, there is nothing Oriental about him except, perhaps, his courtesy and good manners. He was educated in the Naval College at Tientsin, speaks English idiomatically, and from long experience in administrative work and economic questions even elsewhere than in his own country. He stands close to President Yuan Shi Kai and to Yen Fu, an able statesman and the President's most trusted adviser. Admiral Sir Chin Pin Sah, head of the Chinese navy, and next to Yuan Shi Kai the strong man of China, is his uncle.

As a midshipman Mr. Sah himself saw service in the Chinese-Japanese war, for although his slim military figure and smooth face suggest twenty years, he gives 40 as his age. Since that time his experience has been that of most of the educated young Chinese, who under Yuan Shi Kai now have the fate of their country in their hands. After the war he went to the Viceroy of Nankin as interpreter and foreign secretary, and from there was sent by Li Hung Chang to Manchuria to learn railway management on the Great Eastern Railway. Railway construction in different parts of the empire occupied his attention up to the time of the Boxer trouble, when he was sent by the Peking government as a deputy to the interior towns to assist in restoring confidence among the foreigners and to protect natives from oppression by the foreign troops.

He comes from the responsible post of foreign secretary to the Viceroy of Canton, which carries with it the direction of the Canton Customs Bureau and the Bureau of Communications—that is telegraphs, telephones and post offices. These are the subjects to which he is giving most attention on his journey, for, as he points out, these utilities have a tremendous significance in the development of China where already the position of President of the Bureau of Communications comes next in importance to the Presidency of the republic and is at present occupied by the Premier.

Mr. Sah left China only about two months ago, after the excitement was over, as he put it, and he keeps in close touch with Yuan's government. Commenting last night on the cable news that ruminates had broken out in Foo-chow yesterday and that the foreign quarter next in importance to the Presidency of the republic and is at present occupied by the Premier.

While Yuan Shi Kai has many enemies in different circles, mostly malcontents who desire more power, there is not, he said, "among the overthrown Manchus a single man in any way formidable. From that quarter nothing is to be feared, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese are said to be furnishing arms for a Manchurian uprising. The greatest danger to the present government is that local disturbances may reach such proportions that foreign intervention might result. And that all of us wish to avoid, Yuan Shi Kai most of all.

As is well known Yuan favors a strongly centralized government and, I am inclined to think, believes that if it were possible a constitutional monarchy would be best for China. But after the budget edit of more than two years ago brought on an uprising by taking the

direction of the finances out of the hands of the viceroys of the respective provinces and giving it to incompetent men in Peking, and the present republic was formed, there could be no going back. What we will have now is a strongly centralized government with all the power vested in Yuan Shi Kai, who ought to remain in office at least five years, and the group of department heads composed of educated and progressive young men. The franchise cannot be extended broadcast in China. That would spell ruin. It must be limited to the gentry and to the merchant guilds.

"I am surprised to find in this country many people who think we should go in for a perfect democracy at the outset, saying that the way to learn to swim is to strike out bravely in deep water. That is the very thing which we must avoid. We have been endeavoring for years to restrain those among us progressives who were educated in this country or in Japan and have returned to China, declaring that we must forthwith adopt the fully developed American or the Japanese form of government. We are by no means ready for either. Our republican form will, if it is to succeed, work out in practice like a constitutional monarchy."

Mr. Sah is delighted with America and with the reception he has had in the cities already visited. "I was disappointed," he admitted, "with the general lack of comfort I have noticed among people of means. I do not refer to the conveniences, which are so general and amount to luxuries, but to the noticeable lack of ease and contentment in the faces and bearing of the nervous, hurried, preoccupied crowd—a state of mind which penetrates even into the home. There seems to be no comfort; the strain must shorten life."

Asked what was the most favorable impression America had given him, Mr. Sah responded quickly that the single-mindedness of a people spread over such a huge area appealed to him most. "I was not so much struck," he said, "by the triumph of Western civilization for from wide reading in English with them I already had some familiarity, but the homogeneity of the nation, particularly in the West, and its openness in respect of language, viewpoint, political ideals and patriotism have been a great surprise." He went on to explain what contrasts his own country offered in these respects.

Japan, he said, is far from pleased with conditions in China, and would gladly see her drop back into the old rut. When he first crossed there he was taken for an emissary of the Manchus and Japanese dealers made overtures to sell him arms and ammunition to be smuggled into Chinese ports for the rebels. From Japanese statesmen he heard much talk of a union of the Eastern races, but he is distrustful of the Japanese and their advances.

As a matter of fact, he concluded, "I look for a revolution in Japan before very long. Bitter struggles between rival cliques and interests are going on and the people are growing under heavy taxation. I do not think the nation is destined to hold its present position. When China begins to develop in earnest it will be a greater revelation to the world than ever was Japan."

WANT THEIR SAVINGS BACK.

Delegation of Failed Bank's Depositors Asks Gaylor's Help.

Nearly 100 depositors in the State Savings Bank of New York, which closed its doors last December, called on Mayor Gaylor yesterday and asked him to help them get back their savings. The Mayor received the delegation, which was made up largely of women, many of whom carried children in their arms, in the reception room. Henry Fuchs of 335 Reckman avenue and Mrs. Louis Freaney of 449 St. Ann's avenue, The Bronx, did the talking.

From them the Mayor learned that the delegation, or a part of it, had visited Part I of the Supreme Court before calling on the Mayor and had heard counsel for the State Banking Department move for permission to declare a 15 per cent. dividend to the depositors. They wanted to know if the Mayor would help them find out if the 15 per cent. was all they were to receive and to use his influence to help them get as much as possible.

Mr. Fuchs showed the Mayor a reply that he had received to a letter written to the Banking Department. The department letter said that it was impossible to estimate just how large a proportion of the deposits would be paid and added: "Probably it will be possible to pay 10 per cent. if there is not too much litigation."

"That's enlightening," remarked the Mayor, who said that he didn't know that he had any influence, but that he would write to the State Superintendent of Banks and see what information he could get.

American Tourists See Messina.

A detachment of the Hamburg-American Line offices from Messina, tells of the arrival there yesterday of the steamship Cincinnati, with a large number of American tourists. They were greeted warmly by the city officials, who recalled the generosity of the Americans when the city was nearly destroyed by earthquake. The Americans were shown over the ruins that are left and wondered at the great progress made in rebuilding the ruined areas.

Notable Features of
The Sunday Sun
March 31st

Special Fashion Section

EIGHT superbly illustrated pages showing the latest decrees of New York, Paris and London for the Spring styles.

Illustrations in photographic half-tone on beautiful plate paper.

Evening dresses, afternoon gowns, tailormades, hats and parasols are in the display.

The Magazine Section

Has Excellent Articles

Among the Contents:

Discussion of the Russian-American passport question by one of the most distinguished newspaper correspondents in Europe, sent to Russia by THE SUN when the question became acute. With this is published correspondence between Jacob H. Schiff and Count Witte never before given to the public.

Proof offered by the Comtesse d'Oilliamont that Joan of Arc could write, with three fac-simile reproductions of the heroine's signature.

The surprising career of London's latest literary lion, John Masefield, who used to be a saloon bouncer in New York.

"Big Business" is described as seen from the inside by a man thoroughly familiar with the interior workings of vast corporations.

Is England on the verge of revolution? A summary of causes for anxiety by the British ruling class contained in England's widespread labor troubles and public discontent.

"The Two Minarets." A quaint story of a Syrian Master Builder, giving the real flavor of the Orient.

A character study of the late John Arbuckle, who fought the Sugar Trust successfully and who revolutionized wrecking methods.

A description of the U. S. S. Florida, the world's fastest dreadnought, which has just broken all records for this class of ship.

An account of the priceless manuscripts from the Gobi Desert, found by Dr. Mark A. Stein amid the wastes of Central Asia, and which had been hidden for centuries.

The exploits of dashing Phil Kearny, Major-General of the United States Army, whose remains are about to be removed from Trinity Churchyard to Arlington.

Hope for lower cost of living in New York is set forth in a description of the work of the Food Board which is investigating prices of foodstuffs.

In
The Sunday Sun March 31st

I. W. W. AGAINST GOVERNMENT.

Men Under Arrest Declare for No Flag But the Red Flag.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 29.—That fifty of the Industrial Workers of the World arrested here have admitted they were trying to overthrow the United States Government is a statement contained in a report which the California authorities will send to the Immigration Bureau at Washington.

An examination of each of the fifty prisoners, nearly all of whom are foreigners, has just been finished by the city authorities. The report says that with scarcely an exception the men declared that they recognized no form of government and no flag except the red one.

To the question, "What is the red flag symbolical of?" the answer was "blood."

At the instance of the San Diego authorities 1,200 pounds of dynamite cached at Santa Ana was seized. It is alleged

that the explosive was stored there by Industrial Workers of the World.

Left \$48,000 to Native Town in Germany.

According to the report of the State transfer tax appraisers the value of the estate left by Charles Engert, a Brooklyn builder and real estate operator, who died about a year ago, is about \$100,000. The bulk of the estate was left to the widow, Mary S. Engert. There were many bequests to charities, the largest, \$48,000 being for the erection of a kindergarten for the children of the working people at Volkach, Bavaria, where the testator was born.

Aero Club Will Punish Those Who Fly Over Cities or Crowds.

The Aero Club of America yesterday sent to all licensed pilots in this country a copy of its resolution in regard to flying over cities or public assemblies. The resolution says that all license pilots of the club, who may fly over cities or crowds shall be subject to punishment of some sort, and it is understood that generally the license of the aviator will be suspended or revoked altogether.

"Grandma Willis" spends a winter in a city apartment house. Her simple, trustful spirit conquers selfishness and snobbery, saves her son, and wins for her devoted friends. A story of unusual humor and tenderness. It revives faith in human nature.

At All Bookstores. Price, \$1.00 net.

The Penn Publishing Company Philadelphia

Grandma Willis

By ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

"A pure breath of air from the country hills"

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